

You Were My Figure On Skates

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You Were My Figure On Skates

by [obesbones](#)

Summary

George mixed up his schedule, and now he's using the ice rink on the same day Dream was supposed to be there. He pretends to be annoyed, but really, who wouldn't fall for the clumsy hockey player?

Notes

This is based on a piece by CodiiChronicles on twitter! Check it out here <https://twitter.com/CodiiChronicles/status/1351696939788603392?s=20> or search their user+ "DNF hockey player and figure skater." It's a super cute work of art and a really cool AU, and my friend really wanted me to write it so here it is! Hope you enjoy. Forgive me for my lack of knowledge on both ice skating and hockey lol. Title was also suggested by the friend who requested this

A cloud of hot air escaped into the cool air of the ice rink from soft lips, eyelashes fluttering closed and blocking out the bright light beating down on George from the high ceilings above the ice. His feet moved methodically, gracefully across the ice, moving himself one way and then another, practicing jumps on the ice. He moved to an inaudible source of music that played through his thoughts, twisting around the rink this way and that until the song in his head came to an end, and

his movements finally slowed before he came to a stop at the edge of the rink. His eyes stayed barely open as he found his way to lean against the wall, puffy wisps of warmth escaping from his mouth even more now.

An obnoxious clapping brought George from his serene moment alone in the ice rink, eyes snapping open and darting over to spot Dream standing outside of the rink, wide smile on his lips. George rolled his eyes with a huff, standing to his full height and crossing his arms.

"Nice moves, George." Dream grinned as he approached George, wearing his bulky hockey gear.

"What are you doing here, Dream?" George sighed, stepping out of the rink and stepping over to where he had set down his things. He pulled out a bottle of water, taking a large swig. The cold liquid sent a chill down his spine, and he tugged his sleeves down over his hands for an extra bit of warmth.

"I thought it was my day to practice here," he said, taking a seat next to George. His grin stayed present on his lips always, and George wanted to wipe it from his stupid face. His mind briefly pictured the shocked look on Dream's face if George were to kiss him, the way his stupid grin would finally fall as confusion took over before he might return the kiss. He shook that away quickly though. They were meant to be rivals, enemies, he wasn't supposed to be crushing him. And yet, the goofball seemed to have won his heart over these last few weeks of constant bickering over who got to use their local ice rink when.

George used to be the only one who came to the rink on Monday and Thursday afternoons. Most others were in school or at work those days, and the place stayed empty on most weekdays. Then Dream had shown up one Thursday, throwing off George's practice that he always did alone. George had been fine with it, he had been forced to share the rink on other occasions as well. He stayed mindful of Dream the entire time he was there doing his routine, and they didn't say much to each other outside of a few simple 'hello's. But Dream had also shown up the following Monday, and then Thursday again, and it became clear soon enough the two had the same exact routine for skating.

George had gotten frustrated, and told Dream he needed to start coming a different day, or at least at a different time. It turned out their schedules didn't leave very much other time for either of them to skate, so they had to settle on switching off days. George had the rink on Monday's, Dream on Thursdays. If one of them couldn't go for any reason on their assigned day then they switched days, and continued that way until they needed to switch again. It worked out pretty well, but somehow they still ended up showing up at the same time some days.

"I couldn't make it last Thursday," Dream pointed out. "You went. So I get Mondays now."

"Shit. You're right," George cursed, remembering the texts between the two last week.

"It's usually me who messes up our schedules," Dream laughed. His eyes scrunched when his lips took up most of his cheeks, and it made George want to smile too. He stifled the urge.

"Did you just really forget? Or did you just come anyways cause you missed me?" Dream asked, putting an arm around George's shoulder. He was surprised when the arm wasn't immediately pushed away.

"As if," George murmured, taking another sip from his water. He could blame the shiver running through him on that instead of Dream's touch. "I forgot. I felt like I needed to practice more, and I thought it was my day still."

"How much practice could you really need?" Dream scoffed. "I bet I could do some of the tricks that you do on the ice."

"I'd like to see you try," George said, crossing his arms and finally brushing Dream's arm off his shoulders. He missed the warmth immediately. Only because it's cold, he told himself.

"I'll prove it then." Dream stood suddenly from his spot next to George, heading towards the rink. "Just watch, I'll even do it better than you can."

"We'll see," George finds himself grinning as he watched Dream step out onto the ice, sitting back and waiting for disaster to strike.

Dream glided around for a moment, seeming to think about what he wanted to do. He'd watched George do plenty of different tricks on the ice, all of which looked simple and elegant whenever George did them. Now that he was out on the ice though, Dream wasn't sure he knew how to replicate them. He decided to attempt a very simple toe jump, one he had seen George do often. He glided around the edge of the rink, turning to give himself room to perform the move. He went to push his feet up and into the air, and for a moment he was off of his feet. The moment didn't last long though, and he didn't land back on his feet. Instead he found himself slamming face-first into the ice, feeling his nose hit hard. He slid against the ice for a moment, not entirely registering what was going on.

A shout had ripped itself from George's throat the second he saw Dream lose his footing, and he found himself up on his feet in less than a second. He was already taking off to skate over to Dream, not waiting for him to rise himself before he checked on him.

"Dream!" George shouted as he stood next to the man, reaching down to help pull him up. Dream slowly rose to his feet, looking down at George with a frown.

"Maybe it is a lot more complicated than it looks." Dream admitted, small smile returning to his lips already. George sighed, realizing Dream wasn't hurt too badly.

"You're such an idiot," he breathed, rolling his eyes. He caught sight of red on Dream's face, and his eyes widened suddenly. "Your nose-" he didn't waste any time in tugging at Dream's arm, pulling him over and off of the rink at a steady pace, sitting him down on the same bench they'd sat on minutes before. He quickly tugged his bag into his lap, searching through it for a moment before he found what he was looking for. He turned his attention back onto Dream, using the tissues to dab at the blood that streamed down from his nose.

"I'm alright George," Dream insisted, trying to grab for the tissues to take care of the blood himself. George swatted his hand away quickly, and Dream grinned widely, only wincing slightly as it crinkled his nose.

"You're so stupid," George reminded him, one hand coming to rest on Dream's cheek to hold him still while the other dabbed away at his nose. Both of his touches were as gentle as could be, care and concern evident. Dream found himself leaning into the hand on his cheek, enjoying the warmth of George's hand. George, amazingly, let him.

"It's your fault," Dream muttered, eyes fluttering closed as he let George fuss over him. "If you didn't look so damn pretty out there on the rink, I never would have tried the jump."

A strangled sound pulled itself from George's throat, making Dream crack his eyes open a small bit. George's face was flushed a dark pink, eyes narrowed and frown tugging on his lips as he focused as much as possible on Dream's nose. Dream chuckled and George's face only got darker.

"I hate you," George spat quietly, but with no real malice. His touch was still gentle as could be against Dream's cheek. "You're so annoying, I hate you so much."

"And yet here you are," Dream teased, his hand rising to cup the hand George held on his cheek, pushing his face even closer into it. "Taking care of me."

"You're the worst." George insisted, removing the tissues now that the bleeding seemed to have stopped. He didn't try to pull his hand away though.

"You like me anyways," Dream said, turning his face to kiss George's palm. George turned ten shades darker, mouth stuck open in astonishment.

"I-" he muttered, blinking rapidly. He closed his mouth, collecting himself with a steady breath. He spoke softer now, fonder. "Yeah, I do. Maybe a little too much."

Dream beamed at that, squeezing George's hand. "Really? You mean that?"

George was the one to chuckle this time, adoring the way Dream's face lit up and his cheeks turned the palest shade of pink. He leaned forward, pressing his lips to Dream's. He didn't linger for long, just enough time for Dream to realize what was happening and start to kiss back. Dream whined as George pulled away, trying to press their lips together again. George was struck with the wondrous thought that Dream wasn't wearing a smirk anymore. He had indeed managed to kiss the smirk right off of his lips. He laughed at this thought, pressing his nose against Dream's, frowning for a moment when he winced.

"Sorry," he muttered, hovering his face in front of Dream's nose instead now.

"S fine. You can make it up to me by kissing me again, if you want." Dream muttered, his grin steadily returning, and well, George had wanted for a long time to kiss his stupid smirk away, so now that he had the chance, wouldn't he be a fool not to take it?

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